## The Root of Evil

By THOMAS DIXON

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CHAPTER "III

A Straight Tip. N received the announcement resolution to win now, at all bazards. The sensational reports of Stuart's action against the big finan cue to a new line of stratagem. She night. began cautiously.

"You are not going to give up a thing old Woodman's a foot, are you?" she asked her husband, with a touch of you ever had. He has become one of the most famous men in America, want him at our next entertainment."

broke in, "is why he will not come to the house. When I meet him down town he's always friendly."

"The thing that puzzles me." Bivens

Nan's lips quivered with a queer lit tie smile.

"Will be succeed in this action against these men?" "No; be can't get the facts. If he

could he'd shake the foundations of the

Apancial world." "Why not give the facts to him?" "I had thought of that, but it migh?

bring on a panie." "What have you to lose by it?" "Nothing, but a panic's a dangerous

thing to monker with." "It couldn't injure Stuart?" his wife usked cautiously

"No It couldn't hurt bim. On the other hand. I might make him the unconscious instrument of a great personal tengennee, double my fortune and possibly land Jim in the White

"You must do it. dear!" his wife cried, trembling with suppressed ex-

"It's playing with dynamite." "It's worth the risk to double your fortune. Do it for my sakel"

Nan leaned close and pressed her bushand's band while her dark eyes found their way into his heart. "I'll do it," he said with firm ac-

cent. "I'll phone him at once." When Stuart sat down with Ifivens in one of the magnificent private din ing rooms of his millionaire club two days later be was struck with the perfection of the financier's dress and the easy elegance of his majmers

"Nan has surely done wonders with some pretty crude material!" be mused He recalled Neo's diary with grim

It took two years to thoroughly break him so that she could always be sure that his nulk were trimmed and his ciothes in perfect style. He had long since censed to struggle and had found much happiness of late years in vying with her in the perfection of his per sonal appearance.

When the dinner was finished Birens dismissed the waiter, lighted one of his buge cigars and drew from a mo rocco case which he had placed beside his chair a typewritten manuscript. He furnist its leaves thoughtfully a mo ment and handed them to Stuart. "There's a document, Jim, that cost

me \$10,000 to prepare; for whose sup pression \$1,000,000 would be paid and no questions asked" "But why this generosity on your

part, Caly"

"I have noticipated that question answer it fully and frankly. There is enough dynamite to that document to statement like that unless I know it to blow up balf of Wall Street and land | be true?" somebody in the White House." "And many in the morgue?"

"And some in the penitentiary. I've watched your work the past nine years with genuine pride, Jim. You've said n lot of hard things about rich malefactors, but you've never touched me."

"No, I think you're too shrewd to be caught in that class, Cal."

"I pride myself that I am. It's only the clumsy fool who gets tangled in the criminal law. But a lot of them have done it-big fellows whose names fill the world with polse I've taken the pains to put into that typewritten document the names, the dates, the places, the deeds, the names of the wit nesses and all the essential facts. Do ed president's private life for the past what you please with it. If you do ten years without the omission of a what I think you will, some men who single event of any importance." are wearing purple and fine linen will be wearing stripes before another year and you will be the biggest man in

"And your motive?"

enough ?" "Quite."

"And you'll make the attack at once?"

Stuart glanced rapidly through the first page of the document, and his eyes began to dance with excitement.

"The only favor I ask," Bivens added, "is twenty-four hours' notice be fore you act."

"I'll let you know." Stuart rose quickly, placed the document in his inside pocket and hurried

The deeper the young lawyer probed into the mass of corruption Bivens had placed in his hands the more profound became his surprise. That men whose names were the synonyms of honesty and fair dealing, men intrusted with the management of companies whose assets represented the savings of millions of poor men, the sole defense of millions of helpless women and children-that these trusted leaders of the world were habitually prostituting their trusts for personal gain, staggered belief.

He delayed action and began a careful, patient, thorough investigation As it proceeded his amazement increased He found that Birens bad only scratched the surface of the truth

New York, the financial center of the nation, had gone mad with the insane passion for money at all bazards-by all means, fair or foul. The nation of Bivens failure to settle was on the tidal wave of the most Woodman's suit with a grim wonderful industrial boom in its history. The price of stocks had reached fabulous figures and still soared to greater beights. Millionaires were clers had given her quick mind the springing up, like mushrooms, to

Two months had passed since Bivens placed in the district attorney's bands I've set my heart on merely because the document which was destined to make sad history in the annals of the metropolis. Stuart felt that the time scorn. "Jim Stunrt is the best friend had come to act. It was his solemn duty to the people.

He sat in his private office in one of the great skyscrapers downtown holding in his hand a list of the men he was about to ask the grand jury to indict for crimes which would send them to prison, exile and dishonored death. "I've got to do it-that's all. But be-

fore I do, I'm going to know one or two things beyond the shadow of a doubt."

He seized his telephone and made an appointment to call at once on Bivens The financier extended his delicate hand and with a cordial smile led Stuart to a seat beside his desk. The only sign he betrayed of deep emotion was the ice like coldness of his slender fingers.

"Well, Jim, you've completed your very thorough investigation?" "How did you know I was making a

thorough investigation?" ready to strike?"

"When I have confirmed some statements you have made in your story



"The Private Life of No. f50."

concerning the private life of these men. How do you know the accuracy of the facts you state in a single line, for instance, about the private life and habits of the president of a certain trust cempany?"

"You don't suppose I would make a

"How did you discover it?" "Very simply."

Bivens stepped to one of the great steel safes and drew out a manuscript notebook of some 300 pages of typewritten matter. On the back of the morocco cover was printed in plain gold fettering: "The Private Life of

No. 500." He handed the volume to Stuart, closed the safe and resumed his seat. "You may take that book with you, Jim," he said quietly. "I trust to your honor not to reveal its contents except in the discharge of your sworn duty as an officer of the law. You will find in it the record of the distinguish-

Stuart glauced through the book with amazement. "How did you come into possession

of such facts?"

"No trouble at all," was the easy "Perhaps I wish to get even with answer. "It only requires a little monsome men who have done me a dirty ey and a little patience and a little trick or two, and perhaps incidentally care in selecting the right men for the in the excitement which will follow right job. Any man in the business this exposure of fraud and crime I world who thinks be can do as be may make an honest penny. Is that pleases in this town will wake some morning with a decided tolt. The war for financial supremacy has developed a secret service which approaches perfection. Not only do I systematically watch my employees until I know every crook and turn of their lives, but I watch with even greater care the heads of every rival firm in every de-

partment of the industrial world where

my interests touch theirs. "I not only watch the heads of firms; I watch their trusted assistants and confidential men. In that big safe a thousand secrets ite locked whose revelation would furnish matter enough to run the yellow journals for the next five years. Modern business is war the fiercest and most ernel the world has ever known. It is of greater in portaine to a modern captain of in dustry to know the plans of his enemy than it ever was to the commanding general of an opposing army."

"I see," Stuart responded thought

"There are men down there in the street now," Bivens went on dreamity "who are wearing slik buts today for whom the prison trilor is cutting a suit I have their records in that silent little steel clad room It's a pitiful thing but it's life

"The scarcest thing in New York to day, Jim, is the man who can't bebought and sold. The thing that's he yond price in the business world is character - combined with brains That's why I made you the offer I did once upon a time to come in with me There are positions today in New York with a salary of half a million a year waiting for men who can fill them. If could find one man of the highest order of creative and executive ability who would stand by me in my enterprises I could be the richest man in the world in ten years."

Stnart lifted his eyes from the record he was casually scanning and smiled into Bivens' dark, serious face. The look silenced the speaker. The little man knew instinctively that Stuart was at that moment weighing bisown life and character by the merciless standard be bad set up for others. Judged by conventional laws, be had nothing to fear. He was a faithful member of his church. He gave liberally to its work and gave generously to a hundred worthy charities. He loved his wife with old fashioned loy alty and tenderness and grieved that she was childless. He stood by his friends and forght his enemies, asking no quarter and giving pone.

Yet in his beart of hearts be knew that, however loftily he might discourse at present about "character," "bopor," "integrity" and "fair dealing." he had stolen the formula from his big hearted employer, Woodman, "I make it my business to know with which he had laid the foundation things which vitally interest me. You of his fortune. It was the first half ound my facts accurate, and you are million that came hard. It was this shame.

His other questionable acts on which

ness was war. Bivens waited for Stuart to speak. The moment was one big with fate. Stuart was about to reach a decision that would make history. No one knew so well its importance as the keen intellect that glenmed behind the little black eyes watching with tireless patience. Below he could hear the rour of the city's life. Men bought and sold with no fear of tomorrow. Yet a single word from the lips of the tall, clean shaved young officer of the law and a storm would break which might tear from the foundations institutions on whose solidity modern civilization seemed to rest.

"Well, Jim." Bivens said at length, 'you are going to act?" Stuart rose abruptly, his reply sharp

and clear: "Yes. I'm going to act." "At once?"

"It's my duty." Bivens grasped his hand.

"I congratulate you, Jim. You are going to do a big thing, one of the biggest things in our history. You are going to teach the mighty that the law is mightier. It ought to land you at the very top in politics or any other

old place you'd like to climb." "That's something which doesn't interest me yet, Cal. The thing that stuns me is that I've got to do so mainful a thing. But my business is the enforcement of justice. There's one thing I still can't understand-why you of all men on earth should have put this information in my bands. The bouer of the achievement, if good shall come to the country, is really yours, not mine."

"And you can't conceive of my acting for the country's good?" Bivens' black eyes twinkled.

"Not by the wildest leap of my imagination." The twinkle broadened into a smile

as the lawrer continued: "Your code is simple, Cal. There's no provision in it for disinterested effort for others. This time you're got me up a tree. You have rendered the

people a great service. You have placed

me under personal obligations. But

how you are going to get anything out of it is beyond me." "Oh, I'll have my reward, my boy," Bivens answered jovially, as his dainty fingers again stroked his beard, pressing his mustache back from the thin lips, "and I assure you it will not be

purely spiritual" The door had scarrely closed on Stuart when Bivens pressed the button which called his confidential secretary. In a moment the man stood at his elhow with the tense erect bearing of an orderly on the field of battle. The quick pervous touch of the master's hand on that button had told to his sensitive ears the story of a coming life and death struggle. His words came with sharp, nervous energy:

"Yes, sir?" "A meeting of the Allied Bankers here in thirty minutes. No telephone messages. A personal summons to each. They enter one at a time that no one on the outside sees them come."

For news and the truth about it, all people buy the Star-Bulletin.

CHAPTER IX.

The Storm Breaks. HE sensation which the district attorney sprang in the sudden indictment of the president of the frequets company was profound and farreaching. The day before the indictment was presented to the grand jury stocks began to tumble without any apparent cause.

When the warrant for the arrest of the great man had been served, and be was admitted to bail to await his coming trial, there was a feeble rally in the market, but the rats quickly began to desert a sinking ship. The president under indictment had ceased to be a power. There was a wild scramble of his associates who were equally guilty to save their own skins. The press, which at first denounced Stuart, now boldly demanded the merciless prosecution of all the guilty, and they halled the brilliant young district attorney as the coming man.

For six consecutive days stocks had fallen with scarcely an hour's tem porary rally. Every effort of the bull operators, who had ruled the market for the two years past, to stem the tide was futile. Below the surface, in the silent depths of growing suspicion and fear, an army of sappers and min ers under the eye of one man were digging at the foundations of the business world-the faith of man in his fellow man.

Each day there was a crash, and each day the little financier and his unscrapulous allies marked a new victim. In the midst of the campaign for the destruction of public credit which Bivens and his associates, the Affled Bankers, were conducting with such profound secrecy and such re markable results, when their profits had piled up toto millions, a bomb was suddenly exploded under their own headquarters.

The Van Dam Trust company was put nuder the batt of the New York dearing bouse. The act was a breach of faith, atterly anwarranted by any known law of the game. But it was

dones When the president of the company walked quietly toto Rivens' office and made the announcement for a moment the little dark man completely lost his nerve. Cold heads of sweat started from his swarthy forehend.

"There must be some mistake." "There's no mistake. It's a blow below the belt, but it's a knockout for the moment. They know we are solfirst half million that bore the stain of | vent, two dollars for one. But they know we have \$00,000 on deposit, and we have some big enemies. They the fate of millions had often bung he | know that the group we have support had no difficulty in justifying. Bust- ed have smashed this market, and they've set out to fight the devil with fire They're determined to force a showdown and see how much real money is behind as. We can poll through if we stand together."

Rivens sprang to his feet, exclaiming flercely:

"Until hell freezes over!" The banker smiled feebly for the

first time in a week. "Then it's all right, Mr. Bivens, We'll pull through. They'll start a run on us tomorrow. Five millions in cash will meet it, and we'll win hands down. We have powerful friends. Our only sin is our association with your group. We must have that five millions in the safe before the doors are opened tomorrow."

"You shall have it," was the firm an

With a cheerful pressure of the band the president of the Van Dam, Trust company left, and Bivens called his secretary.

"We turn the market tomorrow-orders to all our men. Knock the bottom out of it until the noon hour, then turn and send it skyward with a

When Dr. Woodman returned home that night from one of his endless tramps among the poor Harriet opened

Something about the expression of his face startled her. For the first that there must be a turn somewhere time in her life she saw in its gaunt | The bottom surely had been reached lines the shadow of despair.

"What is it, papa, dear?" she asked favorite chair.

"What, child?" he responded vaguely. "You look utterly worn out. Tell me what's the matter. I'm no longer a well and brave. Let me belp you."

"You do he me. baby!" he laughed. with an effort at his old time joyous spirit. "Every time I touch your little hand you give me new life. Some day your voice will thrill thousands as it now thrills my heart. You'll win fame and wealth for your father. You shall care for him in old age. I'm not mis erable. I've really had a good day I've spent the whole afternoon superintending the distributing of flowers among the hospitals. I saved a kid's life with a flower. His father used to work for me in the old days. They asked me to come to see him. There was no hope. He had been given up to die. I gave him a fragrant white plok. His thin, feverish fingers grasped it eagerly. In all his life he had never held a flower in his hand before He pressed it to his lips, his soul thrill, and asked his advice. He got it-sharp, ed at its sweet odor, and the little tired spirit came staggering back from the mists of eternity just to see what it meant. He will live."

The girl's arms slipped around his neck in a tightening hold, and she pressed her cheek against his a moment in silence.

"Papa, dear, it's no use trying to deceive me. I've the right to know you've got a dollar, nail it up and sleep what is troubling you. I'm not a child You must tell me."

"Why, it's nothing much, dearie,"

he answered gently. "I'm worried a

little about money. I've a note due

at the bank, and they're called on me unexpertedly to meet it. But I'll manage somehow."

"I'll give up my music, go to work and help you right away." The father placed his hand gently over her lips, and the tears sprang into his eyes in spite of his effort to keep them back

"Don't talk sacrilege, my child. Such words are blasphemy. God gave me a man's body for the coarse work of bread winning. He gave you the supreme gift, a voice that throbs with eloguence, a power that can lift and inspire the world.

"Promise me, dear-it's the one wish of my heart, the one thing worth working and struggling for-promise me that you will never stop until the training of your voice is complete; that no matter what happens you will obey me in this. It is my one command. You will obey me?"

"Yes, papa, I promise, if it wil

make you happy." "It's the only thing I live for. All ask is that you do your level best with the gift of God."

"I'll try, papa dear," was the quiet answer as she kissed him again and softly left the room.

Harriet bad scarcely reached her room when Adams, the cashler of one of the allied banks, who owed the doctor for three months' rent, entered the library with quick, pervous tread. "I've news, sir." he said excitedly "I've a big tip on the stock market."

The older man grunted contemptu

"Yes, that's what alls you, I know You've been getting them for some time That's why you owe me for your rooms. That's why there's some thing the matter with your accounts."

"I swear to you, doctor, my accounts are clean. I've bought a few stocks. I've made a little and lost a little I've got the chance now I've been walting for. I've a real piece of in formation from the big insiders who are going to make the market tomorrow. I got it from Blyeus' private secretary. The little weasel has made millions on this break, and he bas been selling the market short for two weeks. Tomorrow morning he is go ing to smush it for the last time and at noon throw his millions on the buil side. The market will go down three points on the break in the morning It will jump five points in ten min ntes when it turns the other way There are stocks on the list that will

closes." "Bivens is going to do this?" the older man interrupted. "Then it's a trick. It's a lie. Take my advice and do just the opposite from what you understand. Bivens will sell out his partners in the deal."

points before the marke

"Man, he can't sell out!" the cashler insisted. "It's his own deal He's in

It for all he's worth!" The doctor rose with sudden excite-

ment. "Adams, this is the first time in my life I've ever been tempted to buy stocks. I'm in desperate need of money. I've a note for \$3,000 due I've \$2,000 set aside to finish my little girl's musical studies. I've got to meet that note somehow, and I've got to have the money for her. It looks like a chance. I'll go in and watch the

market tomorrow." "If it don't act exactly as I say don't touch it. If it does, go in for all you're worth. If stocks start down as I say they will, sell short, cover at noon and they buy for a rise. Don't listen to fools-just buy, buy, buy! You can sell before the market closes and make

\$20,000." "I'll drop into a broker's office and watch the market open, snyway, Adams. Thank you.'

The next day the more optimistic traders on the stock exchange expected a change in the market. Stocks and de clined for two weeks with appulling swiftness and fatality. Every hour had marked the ruin of men hitherto bulwarks of solidity. Experienced men reasoned and reasoned from experience

The time for a rally had come. Stuart slept late. He was up until tenderly, slipping an arm about his o'clock writing a reply to a peculiarly neck as she drew him down into his venomous attack on his integrity which a morning super bad printed. The writer had boldly accused him of being the hired tool of the group of financial cutthroats who were coining mitchild. I'm a woman now-strong and lions out of the ruin of others in the de

struction of public faith. His reply was simple, and his concluding paragraph was unanswerable except by an epithet.

"My business is the enforcement of justice. I am the servant of the people. If Wall street cannot stand the en forcement of law so much the worse for the street. It is no affair of mine Dr. Woodman burried downtown to

the office of a friend on Pine street, an old fashioned banker and broker whose name bad always stood for honesty and fair dealing and conservative business, It was bait an hour before the stock exchange opened, but the dingy little office was packed with an excited crowd of customers.

The doctor followed old Dugro, the bend of the firm, into his private office short and to the point. "Go home, doctor, and stay there.

This market is no place for an amatenr. It's all I can do to keep the wolf from my door in these days." "But I've received some important

information." "Keep it dark," old Dugro scowled. "Don't tell it to your worst enemy. If

on the box."

"But I've some information I think I'm going to act on and I want to open a small account with you." "All right I've warned you," was

the grim answer. "I wish you good luck."

The doctor drew his check for \$2,000 and smilingly took his place among the crowd before the board.

The ticker would tell the story in the first hour. If stocks should sell off three points before noon, he would know. He determined to put this to the test first. He would not sell the market short. He would be content with the big jump the market would make upward when it started.

As the noon hour drew near the doctor's heart was beating like a sledge hammer. Bivens' program had been carried out to the letter. Stocks had declined for the first hour a point, and in the second hour suddenly smashed down two more points amid the wildest excitement on the exchange.

The moment to buy had come. The doctor was sure of it. Stocks had touched bottom. The big bear pool would turn bull in a moment and the whole market would rise by leaps and bounds.

He called old Dugro. "Buy for me now Amalgamated Cop-

per, the market leader, for all I'm worth!" The broker glared at him.

"Buy! Buy in this market? Man,

re you mad?" "I said buy!" was the firm answer. What's the limit?" "Not a share without a stop loss or

"Well, with the stop?" "I'll buy you 400 shares on a four point stop."

der under It."

"And when it goes up five points?" the doctor asked eagerly. "I'll double your purchase and raise your stop, and every five points up I'll

keep on until you are a millionaire!" The old broker smiled contemptuously, but it was all lost on the doctor, "Do it quick."

The order was scarcely given before G. Needham, has been lost or de it was executed. Dugro handed the troyed. All persons are hereby warn-memorandum to Woodman with a ed against negotiating or otherwise

"It don't take long to get 'em today!" The words had scarcely left his lips when a hourse cry rose from the crowd hanging over the ticker. Copper had leaped apward a whole

polut between sales. A wild cheer

swept the room For ten minutes every stock on the list responded and began to climb. The doctor's face was wreathed in and feel human for the first moment

in two weeks. Dugro grasped the doctor's hand, and his deep voice rang above the

"You're a mascot! You're broken the spell! For God's sake stay with

Suddenly another cry came from the crowd at the ticker. The boy at the board sprang to the instrument with a single bound, his eyes blazing with excitement. His cry of "Down!" pierced every ear in the room with horror. The panic had come.

In ten minutes stocks tumbled five

points, and the doctor's inst dollar was swept into space, while the whole mar ket plunged down, down, down into the abyss of ruin and despair. Men no longer tried to conceal their emotion. Some wept, some cursed, some laughed; but the most pitiful sight of all was the man who could

and the strange, hunted expression in his eyes who was looking death in the face for the first time. A full quarter of an hour of the panic had spent itself before the dazed may be brought before the stockholdcrowds in the broker's offices read the ers for consideration. startling news that caused the big break. The ticker shricked its message | 13th, 1912. above the storm's din like a little.

laughing demon. 5417-Dec. 13, 14, 16, Jan. 4, 10, 11, 13, "The Van Dam Trust Company Has Closed Its Doors and Asked For the Appointment of a Receiver!"

Bivens had not kept his solemn pledge. The great bank had stood the run for two hours and closed its doors And the work of destruction had just At 3 o'clock the doctor walked out of

Dugro's office without a dollar. He felt almost happy by contrast with the fools he left shuffling over the floors of Dugro's office. His own sense of loss was merely blur. The revelation he had just bad of the mad last for money which had begun to possess all classes was ret so

adequate conception of his own post It was not until he entered his own door and paused at the sound of Har riet's voice that he began to realize the enormity of the tragedy that had befallen him.

fresh and startling he could form no

(Continued next Week)

Dr. Lewis Fisher of the Chicago University, in an address before the Political Equity League, said that athletic trained girls would be of more use in time of war than cigarettesmoking soldiers.



## That Little Hacking Cough

Hard coughs are bad enough, to be sure. But it's often the little, hacking, tickling, persistent cough that means the most especially when there is a history of weak lungs in the family What should be done? Ask your doctor. He knows. Ask him about the formula on the label of every bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask him if this med icine has his full approval for throat and lung troubles. Then do as he says.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE OF LOST CERTIFICATE

OF STOCK, Certificate No. 384 for 10 shares of the Capital Stock of McBryde Sugar Co., Ltd., standing in the name of dealing in or with such shares. Application has been made to the Treas

ance of a new certificate. Dated: Dec. 9, 1912. MISS H. NEEDHAM. 5415-Dec. 11, 14, 18, 21, 26, 28, Jan.

urer of said Company for the Issu-

1. 4. NOTICE.

At a meeting of the directors of smiles. Men begun to talk and laugh the Pinectar Sales Co., Ltd., hel don December 16, 1912, Mr. L. S. Hiorth was appointed general manag-5421-3t.

> Prof. L. A. de Graca has removed his studio to 424 Beretania St., oppo-site Dr. Straub's Sanatorium.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

CORPORATION NOTICES. NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING O STOCKHOLDERS OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HAWAII

AT HONOLULU. Notice is hereby given that the an the First National Bank of Hawaii at Honolulu, will be held at its place of usiness at the corner of Fort and King Streets in the City of Honolul Island of Cahu and Territory of Hado neither, the man with white lips wall, on Tuesday, the 14th day of January, 1913, at 3 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as

Dated Honolulu, H. T., December

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